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## Miscellaneous.

From the New Monthly Magazine

### ON THE OLD FABLES.

The most delightful of moralists are the old Fables. Compared with these simple instructors, the theses of the early philosophers, later schoolmen, and modern theologians, are but subtle webs to entangle speculative and curious flies.—Of all my young enjoyments, reading these fables, with their picturesque interpretations of wooden cuts, was one of the most precious; old, but always new and pleasant. I doubted the truth of my elder friends' observation, when they told me that the moral was the kernel of the fabulous shell: how sweet were the husks of the (oftentimes) bitter kernels. I needed no invitation to travel over this world of histories—this ever fresh gallery of pictures. A fable is *Æsop's* other name; hence more recent fabulists have been neglected; perhaps because they only re-told what had been more sentimentally related before; or, perhaps, their refinements were not so honest as the pithy aphorisms of the Grecian slave.—We cannot think of Gay as we do of the aboriginal *Æsop*: he is the text book of morality; his brutes are Pythagorean animals, in whom dwell the souls of a generation of men.—Fables are moral parables: parables, divine fables. When reading the beautiful parables in the New Testament, our fancy supplies the scene of the divine discourses—the cornfields, the highway, the vineyard: our imagination becomes pristine; coeval with the unsophisticated state of mankind in that age of mighty events: we are passive beholders: we can even conjure up the persons in the great drama—all but the divine presence; which is only visible to our mind's eye, through the voice of truth. Our impressions on reading the inventions of human wisdom, are less real, as they are more enigmatical; and, of necessity, lack the exalted humanity and sentiment of the inspired narratives.—But to descend from the unequal comparison. The refinements of learning and science, are to these everlasting stories, but the pride and vanity of man; the superficial pomp of words; the mere straining of the wits; perplexing the reader, and puffing up the inventor. "They have all faded into the light of common day." The maximum of an age has been displaced and annihilated by another set of "crabbed rules of dull philosophy," produced by a generation of more enlightened theorists; who are now fast decaying before the practical (and real), they would have you believe) schemes of modern systematizers. Yet still we have the parables fresh as from the lips of their holy author: still we have the fables bred from the experience of their inventor. There is nothing in them but is applicable to all mankind at every period; and, when applied, but gives birth to, or nourishes the first tender growth of neighborly feeling and manly wisdom. Truth lies in a nut-shell: fallacy must be built up, a superstructure of folly and deceit, upon the foundation of pride: a huge glittering lie: an unsubstantial dream: itself a moral lesson to its fabricators.

The Egyptians were a nation of riddle-makers. Their most simple hieroglyphics are the finest, and most symbolical; and we may justly suppose they were among the earliest: as thus—a circle, eternity; a bull, agriculture; a horse, liberty; a lion, power; &c. These are some of the primogenitive parts of speech in their silent language. The extent of their hieroglyphics is unknown to us; but though they might have been multiplied to infinity, there could have been none more beautiful or expressive than the first few begotten. Indeed, the idea is more grand than the reality.

The worthy successor of the ancient Egyptians, the Professor of the University of Lagado, mentioned by Gulliver, who proposed to converse by means of substances representing things, instead of by words, was a more substantial improver upon the ideal language; inasmuch as a *bona fide* image cannot but convey its impression to the mind, without the chance of its miscarrying in a hieroglyphic, or evaporating in a word. What a realm of solids would this world have then become, and mankind a nation of breathing puppets!—What an assemblage of pedlars, each with his cosmographical wallet of signs, chests of conversation, waggons of debate, and warehouses of argument! Then should we have stood in need of rail-roads to lead to our senses, and tunnels to reach our understandings!

But to return to the Fables. We can never look at the pictures at the head of each, without being transported to the modern antiquity of time and scene: the cold vacuity of the long wainscotted rooms, with their solid oaken furniture, and large barred windows; the bygone look of the houses; the quaint and uncouth dress of the figures; the terraced gardens, in all the square magnificence of geometrical proportion; the bright inland landscape; mingling a heap of

distant and pleasing recollections drawn from their faithful portraiture. This should apply more especially to Gay; but the artist, scorning to be any thing but English, has transferred the scenes of *Æsop* to our own country: it is as honest an anachronism as the unsuspected mistakes of the old masters in this way: it makes us believe *Æsop* to be an old countryman of ours, who lived a long while ago; and with a harmless deceit we recognise the lion as having some other relation to our desert-less island, than as a typical supporter of our national badge of heraldry.

Let any one who despises the snug prospects of hedge-row landscapes, and the quiet retirement of a hamlet in a level country, look at the fresh morning aspect of these little views, and they will shake his high seated contempt. They are true subjects for an English Teniers. There are the neat farm houses, with their decorations of clean wooden pails and platters, bright inglenooks, white hearths; and the out-door accompaniments of poultry, pigs, fences, bird-bottles, and hen coops; and the stacks of hay, granaries, distant fields, with the church spire crowning the landscape: and all this done with a homely faithfulness that charms with the imitation. Even in the print you enjoy the dew coolness of the grass, the early morning air, the breaking clouds, or the dim twilight. The cuts partake of the raciness of the style, and are mated to the discourse. The only landscapes like them, that I know of, are those in Walton's Angler, one of which I remember—Amwell at sunrise, almost as fine as a painting. In the print at the head of the fable of "The Stag and the Fawn," they are gracefully delineated in the attitude of listening;

"The stag faint hears the pausing horn;"

and the accompanying landscape is, as are all of them, beautiful. In "The Oak and the Reed," we fancy that we hear the blast rustling through the weeds on the banks of the stream, and buffeting the oak's rooted strength.

How inviting are the titles of some of the Fables: "The Lark and her young ones;" "The Lion in Love;" "The Oak and the Reed;" "The Wanton Calf;" "The Angler and the little Fish," &c. How productive of deep and serious thought are such as "The young Man and the Swallow;" "Cupid and Death;" "The old Man and Death." Were we to mention all that are good, we should name them all. The most mysterious to my young mind, was "The Belly and the Members;" and I heartily commiserated the fate of the poor subject of dispute, who, between one and the other, seemed very likely to be forgotten: it remained for my riper experience to comprehend its meaning. One of Gay's "The Miser and Plutus," ever haunted me in stormy nights, when the loud gusts shook the lattices of the old school house; I thought with fearful iteration on the first line, "The wind is high, the window shakes," and had the apparition been any one but Plutus (who, though I knew it not, was not frightful) it would have been a minister of terror. In the "Ass eating Thistles," we almost lick our lips at the "fine large thistle" which he so relishes, rather than at the pack-saddle of capons. We exult at the old mouse's escape from the wily cat's whiskers, who, being cunning beyond her sphere, must needs hang herself on a peg by the hind legs, to invite the curiosity of her simple enemies, and while they were exulting in her death, thought to spoil their sport, by making them her prey.

The pleasant confabulations of the animals are replete with humanity; even the evil speeches have a redeeming quality of ignorance to take off the ugliness of vice. "The Elephant in the Bookseller's Shop," is the most congenial of animals, in bulk and sagacity, for such an element; he looks grave and polite,—two especial qualities of wisdom: the bookseller seems conscious of the greatness of his guest (not customer.) I mean a compliment when I say it reminds me of Dr. Johnson.

From Stillman's American Journal of Science and Arts.

### JOSHUA FLEECHART.

An interesting border tale was related to me, by a gentleman for several years personally acquainted with the actor. Joshua Fleechart was born and brought up in the frontier settlement of western Pennsylvania, in the days of her border warfare. He was as much a child of the forest, as any of its copper colored tenants; his whole life, from boyhood to thirty years of age, having been spent in hunting bears, deer, buffalo, and occasionally Indians. He was also an experienced trapper; and knew how with astonishing tact, to counteract and overcome the cautious cunning of the half-reasoning beaver, and when once in their neighborhood, securing them in his traps. His person had been formed after one of nature's largest and most perfect models; being sev-

eral inches over six feet in height, with hands of uncommon muscular size and strength. His face was broad, with high cheek bones, terminating in a projecting chin, indicative of great firmness of purpose and national bravery. A light hunter's cap covered his head, affording a slight protection to his small keen eyes, which always shone with uncommon lustre at the approach of danger. He could neither read or write; but as his mental faculties had been uncultivated, his outward sense became doubly acute and active. His usual dress was in the true backwoods style; consisting of moccasins, buckskin leggings reaching above the knees, and fastened to a garment around his loins; a coarse woollen hunting-shirt covered his arms and body, the skirt reaching to the top of his leggings, and fastened round him by a broad leathern belt, to which was suspended a hunting knife and tomahawk: while a capacious powder horn and bullet pouch, hung by a strap from the opposite shoulder. The rifle he was accustomed to use was of the largest calibre; and of such a thickness and length that few men were able to raise it to the eye with a steady hand.

His four brothers was all of the same gigantic mould, one or two of whom were employed as rangers by the Ohio Company during the Indian war. Two sisters were also more than six feet in height. When the colonists from New England, took possession of the country about Marietta, Fleechart resided with his wife and family of young children on an island on the Ohio river near Belle; since become classic ground as the scene of Aaron Burr's conspiracy, and the abode of Blennerhassett, so touchingly described by the pathetic eloquence of William Wirt. After the war broke out in 1791, he removed them into "Farmers' Castle," a strong stockaded garrison opposite to the island, and resided there himself; but in the most dangerous times he would hunt fearlessly and alone, in the adjoining forests; and whenever there was an alarm given by the rangers who constantly scoured the woods, and the other tenants of the castle were seen hurrying from their corn fields within its protecting walls, Fleechart would almost invariably shoulder his rifle and take to the adjoining woods, like honest Leatherstocking in the "Pioneers," giving as a reason that he could do more service there in case of an actual attack; and also feeling himself more free and courageous when behind a tree and fighting in the Indian manner, depending on his own personal activity, than when cooped up in a garrison. During the Indian war in 1794, being tired of confinement, he determined to have a hunt by himself, and again breathe freely in the forest. Knowing from all experience, that the Indians almost invariably, confine themselves to the vicinity of their towns during the winter months, he pushed immediately for their best hunting grounds. Taking his canoe, rifle, traps, &c., he, late in November, ascended the Sciota river, to near the spot where Chillicothe now stands; being ten or fifteen miles from the then Indian Chillicothe. Here he built himself a bark hut, and spent the winter with all that peculiar enjoyment which is known only to the breast of a backwoods hunter. He had been very successful in the chase, and had loaded his canoe with the hams of the bear, the elk, and the deer; to which he had added numerous packages of their skins, and those of the more valued beaver—with all the precaution of an experienced warrior in an enemy's country he had securely fastened his well loaded canoe several miles below, behind the willows which then bordered the shores of the Sciota. The melting of the snow, the swelling buds of the sugar tree, and above all the flight of the wild geese on their annual northern tour, reminded him that it was time to depart. He had cooked his last meal in his solitary hut, and was sitting on a fallen tree in front of it, examining the priming and lock of his rifle; the sun had just risen, when looking up the bottom, he saw a large Indian examining with minute attention the tracks of his moccasins, made as he returned to his camp. While hunting in the direction of the Indian towns, the day before, his acute and practised ear had distinguished the report of an Indian rifle at a remote distance. Fleechart immediately stepped behind a tree, and waited until the Indian had approached within the sure range of his shot. He then fired, and the Indian with a yell and a bound, fell to the earth. The scalping knife had commenced its operation, but as he was not quite dead, he desisted and fell to cutting loose some of the silver bands with which his arms were profusely ornamented, and tucked them under the folds of his hunting shirt. While thus busily occupied he looked up and saw four or five Indians close upon him. This being too numerous a party for him to encounter alone, he

\*In excavating the Ohio Canal not far from the scene of Fleechart's adventure, the skeleton of an Indian was found, with several broad silver bands on the bones of his arms—as Fleechart stripped off only a part of the bands, it is more than probable that this was the identical Indian.

seized his rifle and took to his heels. They fired upon him, but without effect; he soon left them all far behind, but two, who being more swift on foot than their companions continued the chase four or five miles, without his being able to leave them—he often stopped and treed, hoping to get a shot and disable one of them, and then kill the other at his leisure; as soon as he took a tree the Indians did the same, and by flanking to right and left, soon forced him to uncover or stand the chance of a shot. In this dilemma he concluded to try the hills, and leave the level ground on which they had so long been struggling. His vast muscular power here gave him the advantage, as he could ascend the steep side of the hill more rapidly than his lighter but less muscular foes. Perceiving him to be leaving them, the Indians stopped and fired; one ball passed so near as to cut away the handle of his hunting knife, as it hung at his side, jerking the blade so violently against it, as to make him think for a moment that he was wounded. He immediately returned the shot, when the Indians, with a tremendous yell, abandoned the chase.—Fleehart, a little out of wind, made a wide circuit in the hills, and into the river near to where he had fastened his canoe; finding all safe, he lightly jumped on board and pushed vigorously through the day; at night he laid down in his canoe, and when he awoke in the morning, was just entering the Ohio; crossing over to the Southern shore, he coasted along its calm waters, and reached Farmers' Castle in safety, laden with the spoils of his foes, and gratified with the admiration of his former companions. After the peace, as the tide of emigration rolled westward, Fleehart still kept on the borders, and was finally killed in some petty quarrel with his natural foes, the red men of the forest.

From the North American Review.

#### PRESERVATION OF HUMAN BODIES.

One of the most interesting accounts of the preservation of a human body, the identity of which was undoubted, is that of the disinterment of King Edward I., of England. The readers of English history will recollect, that this monarch gave, as a dying charge to his son, that his heart should be sent to the Holy Land; but that his body should be carried in the van of the army, till Scotland was reduced to obedience.

He died in July 1307, and notwithstanding his injunctions, was buried in Westminster Abbey, in October of the same year. It is recorded that he was embalmed, and orders for renewing the cerecloth around his body, were issued in the reigns of Edward III. and Henry IV. The tomb of this monarch was opened, and his body examined, in January 1774, under the direction of Sir Joseph Ayloffe, after it had been buried four hundred and sixty seven years. The following account we extract from a contemporaneous volume of the Gentleman's Magazine.

"Some gentlemen of the Society of Antiquarians, being desirous to see how far the actual state of Edward the First's body, answered to the methods taken to preserve it, obtained leave to open the stone sarcophagus, in which it was known to have been deposited, on the North side of Edward the Confessor's Chapel. This was accordingly done on the morning of January 2, 1774; when in a coffin of yellow stone, they found the royal body in perfect preservation, enclosed in two wrappers; one of them was of gold tissue, strongly waxed and fresh, the other and outermost considerably decayed. The corpse was habited in a rich mantle of purple, paved with white, and adorned with ornaments of gilt metal, studded with red and blue stones and pearls. Two similar ornaments lay on the hands. The mantle was fastened on the right shoulder by a magnificent fibula of this metal, with the same stones and pearls. His face had over it a silken covering, so fine, and so closely fitted to it, as to preserve the features entire. Round his temples was a gilt coronet of fleurs de lys. In his hands, which were also entire, were two sceptres of gilt metal; that in the right surmounted by a cross plume, that in the left by three clusters of oak leaves, and a dove on a globe; This sceptre was about five feet long. The feet were enveloped in the mantle and other coverings, but sound, and the toes distinct. The whole length of the corpse was five feet two inches."

Another instance of partial preservation, is that of the body of King Charles I. The remains of this unfortunate monarch are known to have been carried to Windsor, and there interred by his friends, without pomp, in a hasty and private manner. It is stated in Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, that when his son, Charles II. was desirous to reinter his corpse at Westminster Abbey, it could not by any search be found. In constructing a mausoleum at Windsor, in 1813, under the direction of George IV. then Prince Regent, an accident led to the discovery of this royal body. The workmen, in forming a subterranean passage under the choir of St. George's Chapel, accidentally made an aperture in the wall of the vault of King Henry VIII. On looking through this opening it was found to contain three coffins, instead of two, as had been supposed. Two of these were ascertained to be the coffins of Henry VIII. and one of his queens, Jane Seymour. The other was formally examined, after permission obtained, by Sir Henry Hallford, in presence of several members of the royal family, and other persons of distinction. The account since published by Sir Henry, corroborates the one which had been given by Mr Herbert, a groom of King Charles' bed chamber, and is published in Wood's

Athenæ Oxonienses.

"On removing the pall," says the account, "a plain leaden coffin presented itself to view, with no appearance of ever having been enclosed in wood, and bearing an inscription, 'King Charles, 1648,' in large legible characters, on a scroll of lead encircling it. A square opening was then made in the upper part of the lid, of such dimensions as to admit a clear insight into its contents. These were, an internal wooden coffin, very much decayed, and the body, carefully wrapped up in cerecloth, into the folds of which a quantity of unctuous matter mixed with resin, as it seemed, had been melted so as to exclude, as effectually as possible, the external air. The coffin was completely full; and from the tenacity of the cerecloth, great difficulty was experienced in detaching it successfully from the parts which it enveloped. Wherever the unctuous matter had insinuated itself, the separation of the cerecloth was easy; and where it came off, a correct impression of the features to which it had applied, was observed. At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin of it was dark and discolored. The forehead and temples had lost little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; but the left eye, in the first moment of exposure, was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately; and the pointed beard, so characteristic of the period of the reign of King Charles, was perfect. The shape of the face was a long oval; many of the teeth remained; and the left ear, in consequence of the interposition of the unctuous matter between it and the cerecloth, was found entire.

It was difficult, at this moment, to withhold a declaration, that, notwithstanding its disfigurement, the countenance did have a strong resemblance to the coins, the busts, and especially the picture of King Charles I. by Vandyke, by which it had been made familiar to us. It is true, that the minds of the spectators of this interesting sight were well prepared to receive this impression; but it is also certain, that such facility of belief had been occasioned by the simplicity and truth of Mr Herbert's Narrative—every part of which had been confirmed by the investigation, so far as it had advanced: and it will not be denied that the shape of the face, the forehead, the eye, and the beard, are the most important features by which resemblance is determined.

When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken out and held up to view.—The back part of the scalp was entirely perfect and had a remarkably fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, and the tendons and ligaments of the neck, were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was thick on the back part of the head, and, in appearance, nearly black. A portion of it, which has since been cleaned and dried, is of a beautiful dark brown color. That of the beard was a redder brown. On the back part of the head it was not more than an inch in length, and had probably been cut so short for the convenience of the executioner, or perhaps by the piety of friends soon after death, in order to furnish memorials of the unhappy King.

On holding up the head, to the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra, was found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even; an appearance which could have been produced only by a heavy blow, inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the best proof wanting to identify King Charles I."

The foregoing are two of the most successful instances of posthumous preservation. The care taken in regard to some other distinguished personages has been less fortunate in its result. The coffin of Henry VIII. was inspected at the same time with that of Charles, and was found to contain nothing but the mere skeleton of the King. Some portions of beard remained on the chin, but there was nothing to discriminate the personage contained in it.

During the present century, the sarcophagus of King John was also examined. It contained little else than a disorganized mass of earth. The principal substances found, were some half decayed bones, a few vestiges of cloth and leather, and a long rusty piece of iron, apparently the remains of the sword-blade of that monarch.

From the Life of Captain John Smith, in Sparks' "American Biography."

#### POCAHONTAS.

It is difficult to speak of the character of Pocahontas, without falling into extravagance. Though our whole knowledge of her is confined to a few brilliant and striking incidents, yet there is in them so complete a consistency, that reason, as well as imagination, permits us to construct the whole character from these occasional manifestations. She seems to have possessed every quality essential to the perfection of the female character; the most graceful modesty, the most winning sensibility, strong affections, tenderness and delicacy of feeling, dove-like gentleness, and most entire disinterestedness. These beautiful qualities were not in her nurtured and trained by the influences of refined life, but were the native and spontaneous growth of her heart and soul.

Her mind had not been formed and fed by books, or the conversation of the gifted and cultivated; the nameless gra-

ces of polished life had not surrounded her from her birth, and created that tact in manner and deportment, and becoming propriety in carriage and conversation, which all well bred people, however differing originally in refinement and delicacy of perception, seem to possess in about the same degree; nor had the coarse forms of actual life been, to her eyes, concealed by the elegant drapery which civilization throws over them. From her earliest years she had been familiar with rude ways of living, uncouth habits and lawless passions. Yet she seems to have been, from the first, a being distinct from and unlike her people, though in the midst of them. She reminds one of a delicate wildflower, growing up in the cleft of a rock, where the eye can discern no soil for its roots to grasp, and sustain its slender stalk. We behold her as she came from the hands of her Maker, who seems to have created her in a spirit of rebuke to the pride of civilization, giving to an Indian girl, reared in the depths of a Virginian forest, that symmetry of feminine loveliness, which we but seldom see, with all our helps and appliances, and all that moral machinery with which we work upon the raw material of character.

But in our admiration of what is lovely and attractive in the character of Pocahontas, we must not overlook the highest moral qualities, which command respect almost to reverence. Moral courage, dignity, and independence are among her most conspicuous traits. Before we can do justice to them, we must take into consideration the circumstances under which they were displayed. At the time when the English first appeared in Virginia, she was a child but twelve or thirteen years old. These formidable strangers immediately awakened in the breasts of her people the strongest passions of hatred and fear, and Captain Smith, in particular, was looked upon as a being whose powers of injuring them were irresistible and superhuman. What could have been more natural than that this young girl should have had all these feelings exaggerated by the creative imagination of childhood, that Captain Smith should have haunted her dreams and that she should not have had the courage to look upon the man to whom her excited fancy had given an outward appearance corresponding to his frightful attributes?

But the very first act of her life, as known to us, puts her far above the notions and prejudices of her people, and stamps at once a seal of marked superiority upon her character.—And from this elevation she never descends. Her motives are peculiar to herself, and take no tinge from the passions and opinions around her. She thinks and acts for herself, and does not hesitate, when thereto constrained, to leave her father, and trust for protection to that respect, which was awakened alike by her high birth and high character among the whole Indian race. It is certainly a remarkable combination which we see in her, of gentleness and sweetness, with strength of mind, decision, and firm consistency of purpose, and would be so in any female, reared under the most favorable influences.

The lot of Pocahontas may be considered a happy one, notwithstanding the pang which her affectionate nature must have felt, in being called, so early, to part from her husband and child. It was her good fortune to be the instrument, in the hand of Providence, for bringing about a league of peace and amity between her own nation and the English, a consummation most agreeable to her taste and feelings. The many favors which she bestowed upon the colonists, were by them gratefully acknowledged, and obtained for her a rich harvest of attentions in England. Her name and deeds have not been suffered to pass out of the minds of men, nor are they discerned only by the glimmering light of tradition.—Captain Smith seems to have repaid the vast debt of gratitude which he owed her, by the immortality which his eloquent and feeling pen has given her. Who has not heard the beautiful story of her heroism, and who, that has heard it has not felt his heart throb quick with generous admiration? She has become one of the darlings of history, and her name is as familiar as a household word to the numerous and powerful descendants of the "feeble folk," whom she protected and befriended.

Her own blood flows in the veins of many honorable families, who trace back with pride, their descent from this daughter of a despised people. She has been a powerful, though silent advocate, in behalf of the race to which she belonged. Her deeds have covered a multitude of their sins. When disgusted with numerous recitals of their cruelty and treachery, and about to pass an unfavorable judgment in our minds, upon the Indian character, at the thought of Pocahontas, our "rigor relents." With a softened heart, we are ready to admit that there must have been fine elements in a people from among whom such a being could spring.

From the St. Louis Observer.

#### THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

If we would learn the value of this to the world, let us travel into the countries where the Bible is not known, and contrast their situation with our own. Go, then, into a heathen country, no matter in what direction, or at what age of the world, and you will find,

No equality between the sexes. Man is stronger than the woman, and therefore he has made her his slave, the minister of his pleasure. Companionship between husband and wife is unknown, and the connexion dissolved at the merest ca-

price of the former.

You will find but little parental or filial affection. The mother neglects, or exposes, or actually destroys her own child; the child grows up to beat its mother or father, to neglect them in their old age, and finally leaves them to perish, untended and unmourned.

You will find no such thing as honesty, or truth, or rarely indeed, in their dealings with one another. Supreme selfishness, without the least regard to others, regulates the conduct of every individual. Legal justice is a thing unknown—mercy, an attribute seldom exercised.

You will find none of those institutions, which, in Christendom, adorn human nature, and which serve to alleviate so many of its woes. When you have travelled beyond the influence of the Bible, you will find no "Foundling Hospital," no "Lunatic Asylum," no "House of Refuge," you will look in vain for the "Orphan's House," the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," or a "Retreat" for the blind, the deaf, or the poor. Institutions like these are never found except by the side of temples erected to the God of the Bible.

What shall we say, then, to those men, who, incendiary-like, are seeking to destroy the influence of the Christian religion, and who would fain persuade us to burn up our Bibles, and pull down our churches? What else shall we call them than enemies of themselves and their kind? What would these men have? Even were there no hereafter—even though existence terminated at death—though the Bible were a lie, or a fable, this life a dream, and the next a fancied vision—we say, even though the enemies of the Bible were capable of proving all this to a demonstration, what would be gained to the human race by doing so?

These are questions which the infidels and free-thinkers of the age dare not ask themselves; or if they ask, they dare not answer them; for then would they stand self-convicted, of conspiring against the good order, the peace, and the happiness of society. Deluded men! why seek to accomplish what, at best, could only tend to embitter the short-lived joys of earth; but which, if you would listen to the voice of reason and conscience, they would tell you, would send man hopeless to the grave, and beyond that, shut him up in the prison of despair.

#### LYING.

[The following pithy remarks are contained in an article in the Literary Gazette, on Mrs Opie's "Illustrations of Lying."]

There is one class of lies, which we are a little surprised did not attract a larger share of Mrs Opie's attention; *lies told by parents to their children*. We believe that the slight regard in which strict truth is held by mankind, is principally owing to the lies which are told to children by their parents, during the first few years of their lives. Then is the time that permanent impressions may be as well made as at any former period. It is then, probably, that what is called the natural propensity of the child, is unfolded. Many persons who have a great abhorrence of lying, and whip their children if they detect them in it, yet make no scruple of telling and acting the most atrocious falsehoods. There are few parents who do not do this in a greater or less degree, though doubtless without dreaming they are guilty of criminal deception. With many, the whole business of managing their children is a piece of mere artifice and trick. They are cheated in their food—cheated in their dress. Lies are told them to get them to do any thing which is disagreeable. If the child is to take physic, the mother tells him she has something good for him to drink; if recalcitrant, she says she will send for the doctor to cut off his ears, or pull his teeth, or that she will go away and leave him, and a thousand things of the same kind, each of which may deceive once, and answer the present purpose, but will invariably fail afterwards. Parents are too apt to endeavor to pacify their children by making promises they never intend to perform. If they wish, for instance, to take away some eatable which they fear will be injurious, they reconcile them by the promise of a rattle, a walk, or something else which will please them, but without any intention of gratifying them. This is lying, downright lying. People think nothing of breaking their promises to children, if the performance be not perfectly convenient. But they are the last persons to whom promises should be broken, because they cannot comprehend the reason, if there be one, why they are not kept. Such promises should be scrupulously redeemed, though at a great inconvenience. For the child's moral habit is of infinitely more consequence than any such inconvenience can be to a parent.

We have only noticed a few of the cases of lying to children, but enough to illustrate the frequency of it. And yet, after having pursued such a course of deception for the two or three first years of life, if the parent then finds his child trying to deceive him, and will tell him a downright lie, he wonders how he should have learned to do so, for he has always taught him to speak the truth; without reflecting that he has been lying to him from his very birth. So he attributes that habit to an innate disposition and tendency for falsehood, which he has himself been fostering and nourishing from the first. Children soon learn to know when they are deceived, and learn to deceive others. They are not deceived many times in the same way; and the most comfort-

able method in the end, as well as that conformable to the precepts of morality and religion, is never to deviate, in the slightest degree, from strict truth, in our intercourse with them.

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

#### RICE.

There is probably no vegetable which contributes in so large a degree to the support of the human race, as rice. Even the cereal grains, important and useful as they are, yield the palm to it in this respect. The inhabitants of China and India, and the whole slave population of the United States, amounting to no less than four hundred and fifty millions of the human race, live mostly on this article; and there is now no civilized nation in existence, with whom it does not constitute one of the principal articles of diet. Such being the extent to which this substance is employed, it seems almost superfluous to argue in favor of its nutritious qualities. The composition of rice, according to the analysis which has been made of it by Mr Fowle, is as follows:—

Fecula	96
Sugar	1
Albumen	.20
Oily Matter	1.50

The large proportion in which the fecula exists in this substance renders it eminently nutritive. To persons in health, indeed, and accustomed to an admixture of animal and vegetable diet, rice alone is not sufficiently stimulating to be depended on. Taken in large quantities, it produces a sense of fullness and distension, which is soon followed by a return of hunger. Those, however, whom habit has inured to its exclusive use, enjoy good health, and obtain a sufficient amount of muscular power, though inferior to that which is possessed by the omnivorous European, or the inhabitant of the United States, bred in the habits of civilized life. From the degree to which blindness prevails in India and China, it has been supposed that the exclusive use of rice might have a tendency to produce this affection; but if at all connected with the digestive system, as is not improbable, it seems far more likely to be the scarcity of food than its quality which occasions it; for cheap as the article of rice is, the lascars of India or the peasant of China too often finds his means inadequate to obtain a sufficient amount of it to sustain the functions of life. It is a curious fact, however, that when Magendie tried his famous experiments on dogs, by feeding them with substances containing no azote, death took place in a period varying from five to twenty days, and all without exception exhibited ulceration of the cornea.

Rice has been employed as an article of food from the most remote period. The first classic author who gives any particular account of it is Strabo. He describes the mode of its cultivation in Egypt, and gives to it the name of "Oryza," probably by corrupting an Egyptian appellation very similar to ours. Linnæus speaks of Ethiopia as peculiarly the country for rice; but it has been cultivated from time immemorial in China, India, and the greater part of the warm countries of Asia, and Africa, from which it has been transplanted to America. It has even succeeded in Italy and Spain.

The cultivation of rice has this advantage, that it impoverishes the soil less than most of the grains, as the roots principally absorb water. For this very reason, however, the cultivation of rice is unhealthy, and the exhalations from the soil on which it grows are productive of the various forms of intermittent fever. For this reason the cultivation of rice has been discouraged by the governments of those parts of Southern Europe, to which, in other respects, it is well adapted. A variety is described as raised in Cochín China, which grows and comes to perfection on upland, deriving a portion of its sustenance from the frequent rains with which it is watered.

Before being employed as food, the grain of rice must be stripped off the husk which adheres to it very closely. For this purpose, the usual process has been to pound the article in mortars worked by machinery. The process of hulling the rice of our Southern States has till lately been performed before the article was packed for exportation. This mode of proceeding, otherwise sufficiently convenient, is attended with the disadvantage of exposing the rice to the air, and some part of its freshness is therefore lost before using. Within a short period a mill has been established in this vicinity, where the rice is hulled, as we are informed, by a new process. After this operation, however, rice may be kept for a long time, and with due care will preserve its good qualities longer than any other vegetable article.

From the analysis above given, it appears that gluten does not exist in rice to any appreciable extent, and this circumstance renders it unfit for the manufacture of bread. That made entirely of this material is compact, friable, and gives evidence of imperfect panification. Mixed in a certain proportion, however, with wheat flour, that of rice is capable of being made into bread of excellent quality. The various forms and combinations which are given to it by the culinary art, are almost innumerable, and among them are some of the most useful vegetable preparations which we possess. From their simply nutritive character and facility of digestion, many of these are peculiarly adapted to the use of the sick and the convalescent. Some of the most common are the deco-

tion, or rice water with or without the fecula itself; the grains boiled in water; and a jelly made by boiling the flour in milk, and then allowing it to cool.

Rice has been often recommended and employed as an astringent, and its effect in controlling excessive peristaltic action is such as to suggest this idea. It is far more probable, however, that its usefulness in dysentery is dependent on its demulcent and soothing qualities, and not on any specific virtue of the kind alluded to. In other inflammations of the mucous membranes, as bronchitis and strangury, preparations of this substance employed as a beverage are manifestly beneficial.

The decoction of rice is usually prepared by adding the flour to cold water, in the proportion of a quarter to half an ounce to a pint. The fecula begins to dissolve when the liquid has acquired the temperature of 144 deg.; to this liquid is added gum arabic, and to render it more agreeable it is sweetened with sugar, and rendered aromatic with a little canilla or some similar ingredient. Various other pharmaceutical and culinary preparations may be learned by referring to the proper authorities. In the Southern States, boiled rice is as essential an accompaniment to the first course at table, as potatoes or any other vegetable with us. Its use in this way is also gaining ground among us, and is found to be equally agreeable and salutary. When prepared for this purpose, the water, with salt, should be added boiling hot to the whole grains: boil twenty minutes, turn off the water if any is left, allow the rice to remain on the fire to dry, and the grains will be left dry and distinct.

By fermentation, rice is capable of producing a kind of beer, called *sake* in Japan, and *samsec* in China. Distilled, it furnishes arrack, a spirit much used in the East, and which is also manufactured to some extent in this country.

#### THE DIAMOND.

From the earliest periods of antiquity, the Diamond has been considered as the most costly of all substances. The chief reason of this value was its great rareness and hardness. Its brilliant lustre could not then have been known, as the art of cutting and polishing this gem could not then have been discovered.

The diamond is colorless, or of a light yellow, or smoky grey, passing to blueish or pearl grey, or clear wine color; also clove brown, and yellowish green—also blackish brown—Prussian blue and rose red. The colorless are the most precious, then the blue, red, and black; the light colored being in least estimation.

Its hardness is superior to that of all other bodies. By long continued friction, however, it yields to corundum—to that alone.

When heated to the temperature of molting copper, and exposed to a current of air, the diamond is gradually but perfectly combustible, exhibiting a luminous areola during the process; it is entirely converted into carbonic acid, and is therefore, pure carbon. The numerous experiments on this subject need not be repeated; not even those of Sir G. Mackenzie, who burned up a superb and costly set belonging to his lady.

The art of cutting and polishing the diamond is supposed to have been known at very early periods in Hindostan and China; but corundum being the only substance employed, they were unable to shew the peculiar lustre of this gem. Its extreme hardness baffled all attempts in Europe, until 1456, when a young man, (Louis Bergher,) of Bruges, endeavored to polish two by rubbing them together; he produced a facet, which induced him to construct a polishing wheel, on which, with diamond powder, he was enabled to cut and polish them. Previous to this, diamonds were set in jewelry in the state in which they came from India; the octahedrons were, of course, most esteemed, on account of the regularity of the figure, and superior polish.

In preparing either a brilliant or a rose diamond, about half is cut away; hence the value of a cut diamond is esteemed equal to that of a similar rough diamond of twice its weight, and independent of the cost of workmanship. The weight, and consequently the value of diamonds, is estimated in carats, one of which is equal to four grains, and the difference between the price of one diamond and another is, *ceteris paribus*, as the squares of their respective weights. Thus the true value of diamonds of one fourth and three carats weight respectively, is as 1-2 and 9. The average price of rough diamonds worth working, is about nine dollars for the first carat, and consequently in wrought diamonds, exclusive of the workmanship, the cost of the first carat is thirty-six dollars. To estimate the worth of a wrought diamond, we must ascertain its exact weight in carats; multiply it by two; then multiply the product by itself, and multiply this last product by nine. Hence a diamond of one carat is worth thirty-six dollars, one of two carats, one hundred and twenty-six dollars. But this rule only holds good in respect to diamonds of twenty carats and under; the large ones selling by no means in proportion to their weight.

The largest diamond in the world is the great diamond of Portugal. It was found in Brazil, is yet in its rough state, and weighs sixteen hundred and eighty carats. Some persons suppose it to be only colorless topaz.

The largest undoubted diamond belongs to the great Mogul; it weighs two hundred and eighty carats.

## Editor's Correspondence.

Translated from the French of Boudry, for the Literary Journal.

## THE YOUNG GIRLS OF PARIS.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION OF JULY.

My narrative is founded in truth. The events to which it refers, took place in my own neighborhood. They are such facts as I have collected during my journey through life, with feelings similar to those of the botanist, who in his rambles through the vallies and over the mountains, gathers plants that have a salutary power to assuage or to prevent the maladies of our race.

ESTELLE AUBERT was the only daughter of a journeyman painter, who, in consequence of his hard and incessant labor, had lost the use of his limbs, and was compelled to pass the remainder of his life, in an arm-chair: a trying situation for a healthy man, to whom a wife and daughter looked for protection. They had no other means of support than those which they obtained by washing fine linen; to which labor, after a short time, Estelle added that of mending blond and brown, in order to augment their little income.

This poor but honest family occupied two little chambers, or rather a part of the sixth story of a house in *Rue de Charbonnais*, opposite a hotel, the first story of which was occupied by a celebrated banker, who had formerly been known as a great speculator in lands: in the second story resided the Viscount de Saluces, Master of the Royal Horse: and the third story was tenanted by an auctioneer.

Each of the different occupants of the hotel had a daughter. That of the banker St. Omer, named Leonie, was a beautiful brunette, with a fine figure and a joyous temperament; but rash and heedless in her conduct, and causing her instructors, a woman of known merit, the greatest difficulty in every attempt to keep any two ideas connected in her mind. To give her the least idea of grammar, geography, or history, was a hopeless undertaking. She was, in short, a charming piece of folly, spoiled by her parents, who were satisfied with the belief that their daughter was rich enough to make a display, and secure an advantageous marriage.—Indeed, although she was yet but in her sixteenth year, her hand had already been solicited by several gentlemen of the Court; who coveted her great inheritance, as a means of satisfying the demands of their creditors, and of sustaining the expense of their establishments.

The daughter of the Viscount de Saluces, presented a striking contrast to that of the banker. Clorinde was fair and beautiful, but cold, reserved, and inanimate. Her commands were uttered with an imperative tone, while her disdainful lip betrayed the pride and vanity of her feelings. Her governess, an ex-capone, encouraged her in this lofty idea of birth, this arrogance of noble caste; and continually kept in her view the immense distance which separated her from the daughter of one of those upstart gentlemen, who on account of her wealth, considered herself equal to those who were nobly born.

Young Emma, the daughter of M. Dumont, the auctioneer, exhibited neither the insolent air of Clorinde, nor the thoughtless indifference of Leonie. Placed by destiny in the middle class of society, where one feels neither the ennui of rank and etiquette, nor the humiliations of poverty; "where," in the words of a philosopher, "one is at the same time sheltered from the rays of the sun which strike the summit of the mountain, and from the inundations that drown the humble plants which grow around its base," Emma was brought up by her mother, an excellent woman, who devoted herself to the cares of her household, and did every thing in her power, for the welfare and comfort of those by whom she was surrounded. Her daughter, accustomed from infancy to domestic duties, intelligent without pretension, charming without affectation, was still a mere *bourgeoise*.

Estelle Aubert would have soon been raised in appearance beyond her humble condition, had she listened to the enticements of the gay youth of her neighborhood, or to the temptations by which she was assailed in the houses to which she carried her work. Gentle and affable in her manners, with her head erect, and a smile on her lips, she went lightly through the streets of Paris, with her little green box under her arm. Whoever addressed our young lace mender, im-

mediately perceived by her replies, her looks, and the pleasing sincerity of her manners, that she was a good and amiable girl. No one ever saw her startled at any pleasantry thrown at her when passing: she met, with resignation, the temporary humiliations to which she was subjected by her profession; and consoled herself for these, by feeling her virtue increase in strength, while shunning the attacks of the unprincipled beings whom she encountered. She could not conceive how any one could dare to traffic in the misery of the heart.

Estelle frequently met her three young neighbors. Her reputation as an honest girl, her tender care of her infirm father, and her skilful workmanship, gained her a degree of local celebrity. A week never passed, in which she was not called either to the apartments of the banker St. Omer, to mend an English veil for Madame; or to those of the Viscount de Saluces, to repair a rent in his embroidered Maline ruffles, or in the Brussels point of the Viscountess: or to those of the auctioneer, to wash and repair the collarettes of Madame Dumont, and the *jaconet pelerines* which formed a part of the ordinary dress of her daughter.

But the manner in which Estelle was received in the different apartments of the hotel, corresponded with the different characters and dispositions of the families by which they were occupied. On the first floor, her work was always well received and fairly appreciated; and she uniformly received a price exactly proportionate to the care and labor which she had bestowed upon it. Leonie called her "my good Estelle;" and her manner evinced neither arrogance nor vanity.

It was not so on the second floor. The Viscountess de Saluces, haughty and austere towards all whom she considered beneath her, never appeared satisfied with the efforts of the young lace-mender—whom she always addressed with a smile of ill concealed disdain—as if she could not for a moment forget the distance which separated them: and it was even more difficult to please Clorinde than her mother. She frequently compelled the gentle Estelle to go over her work a second time; and the poor girl was generally dismissed without her pay.

On the third floor, she was received as if among her own family. Monsieur and Madame Dumont loaded her with praises of her skill. Emma was eager in her admiration of the beautiful work of her charming neighbor; she shook her hand, and would gladly have embraced her, had she not been fearful on account of the impetuous disposition of her brother Leon, a young law student, who was unable to conceal that he felt for the young lace mender emotions stronger than those of esteem.

Estelle soon established a reputation among the most fashionable ladies of her quarter. They extolled her work, and confided to her their most valuable articles of dress. At length, Mademoiselle Aubert, as she was now called, could not answer all the applications which were made for her services; and was compelled to engage several young girls as assistants, and to hire additional apartments in the third story of her house.

Seated opposite the windows of the hotel, she could not help noticing the daily occupations of her three neighbors. She sometimes saw Leonie playing with, and making grimaces at a pet monkey belonging to her mother, which was kept chained in the balcony: she would then see Clorinde making tapestry near the chair of her mother, who had fallen asleep in the middle of an edifying lecture: and then she would receive a kind salute, or an amiable smile from Emma; who, resting from her household duties, was relating to her mother the romance of the day, or singing a favorite air of Beranger; while her brother Leon would often join her at the window, and as he observed Estelle's tender care of her venerable father, would salute her in his turn.

The winter which soon followed this pleasant season, strengthened the correct idea which the young lace mender had formed of the arrogant feelings of the nobility, and of the haughty pretensions of birth; which increased the determination she had made, to seek no further intercourse with the titled and the opulent than was required by the nature of her avocations. As the period of the Carnival approached, all classes of the population eagerly joined in the pleasures of music and dancing. A grand ball was given by the bank-

er St. Omer; in the costly preparations for which, every exertion had been made for a display of all the luxury and splendor of wealth. On the morning of this magnificent fete, Estelle, having carried to Madame St. Omer an elegant English dress, ventured to solicit from the housekeeper, permission to stand among the attendants of the hotel; in order that she might see the most celebrated beauties, examine their dresses, and witness at a little distance, the rich *coup d'œil* of the brilliant assemblage.

As the different personages appeared, they were announced by a valet de chambre, arrayed in black, holding under his arm, a triangular hat. Estelle heard the name of "the Viscount and Viscountess de Saluces." They entered, imagining that all must feel the honor conferred by their presence in that assembly of plebeians; and that every one would rise, to do them homage. The Viscountess moved through the saloon with an air of vast importance, and appeared surprised that the crowd did not make way for her, as she approached. Madame St. Omer alone advanced to meet her, saluting her aloud as her "dear neighbor," and Leonie, taking the hand of Clorinde, who followed her mother, led her to the dancers; exclaiming, "You are dressed to admiration—you look like an angel!—Oh, my dear, how genteel you are!"

The frankness of the compliment could not excuse the familiarity of the language; and the noble young lady, offended at this tone of equality, immediately rejoined the Viscountess, who related the incident to her husband, adding—"How came that little upstart here; and how impolite and presumptuous she is!" "Yes," replied the Viscount, "there is good reason for the saying, that gold is like the sun: it gives consistency to mud."—He then instantly turned to St. Omer, whose hand he shook with an air great affection.—The banker returned the salute with his coarse smile, and whispered in his ear—"Neighbor, I am going to challenge you to play at *bouillotte*, for five hundred francs."

On the following day, Estelle described to the honest family of Dumont, who had not been invited, the details of the magnificent fete; and named the ladies who had displayed the richest dresses and the most costly jewels; and was informed that one of them was the daughter of a receiver general, who had just been deprived of his office, for a gross misdemeanor; and that another was the sister of a broker, who had recently failed for the third time.

"What!" exclaimed Estelle, with the unaffected surprise of an innocent heart, "have these ladies so little sense of honor and of propriety, as to exhibit their splendor at a ball?"

"Good!" exclaimed the auctioneer, with an arch smile;—"very good!—but honor, with these great doers of a day, is like a finger nail; when it is broken off, it very soon grows again."

Soon afterwards, a not less numerous company was assembled at the apartments of the Viscount de Saluces, all members of the most ancient families. This was not a ball. The grandmother of the sister-in-law of one of the petty princes of Germany had died suddenly;—the Court had gone into mourning for six days;—and etiquette required that a concert which was to have united all the musical talent of the capital, should be postponed. St. Omer and his family were invited; but their wealth could not secure them a welcome reception, plebeians that they were. The Viscount de Saluces had borrowed of his neighbor, four bank notes, in order to discharge a debt of honor. It is true that the presence of the latter was offensive to him, in this assemblage of nobility: but necessity is law.

Estelle had a fine taste for music; and sung, with much effect, the most beautiful airs of the new operas. She obtained permission from the chambermaid, to join the attendants, in order to hear the music; and was delighted at the opportunity: but she could not restrain her surprise, which was mingled with indignation, at seeing a number of great lords asleep in their chairs, and at hearing others conversing aloud with each other, while the admirable performers were executing the best pieces of the great masters, and using every exertion to surpass each other, in giving effect to their beauties. The murmuring of voices, the garb of mourning, the oppressive burden of etiquette, which was maintained with a ridiculous precision, by these noble personages and favorites of the monarch, this assemblage in which every one

was ambitious of precedency, all combined to diffuse an air of dullness, which was worn on every countenance;—and the young lace mender was not long in convincing herself, that the great consume their lives in dreams of happy days which they never enjoy; and that ennui is to them a cause of suffering which their fancied inferiors can but slightly estimate.

In the course of a few days, the family of Dumont also received their friends and acquaintances. There was witnessed neither the heavy luxury of wealth, nor the solemn stateliness of rank. It was a joyous meeting of good citizens.—There were seen neither diamond collars, turbans of cloth of gold, birds of paradise, nor hats with white plumes: but smiling countenances, cheerful hearts, and unaffected greetings. They met with confidence, conversed without ceremony, and pulled off their gloves to shake hands with each other. It was one of those meetings which Marmontel describes as “a fête of good people.” The honest Dumont made every effort to render the party agreeable; and frequently observed to those around him, “the sunset way of making others happy, is to be happy yourself among them.”

The auctioneer had given an invitation to Estelle, and said, with the air of one who was capable of appreciating merit—“What can add a greater charm to our little fête, than the presence of one whose industry sustains a family; who alleviates the sufferings of an infirm parent; and who has gained the esteem of a whole neighborhood?” “We long, my dear Estelle,” added Madame Dumont, “to give you this public proof of our attachment and regard.”

How deeply did these words penetrate the heart of the young lace mender. How flattering is the first homage that we receive, and which we are acknowledged to deserve.—She could scarcely utter a word. A shake of the hand which she at the same moment, received from Emma, told her that that kind hearted girl acquiesced in the invitation of her parents; and the attention of Leon caused her to suspect who might be his first partner in the dance. When she appeared in the evening, she was welcomed with all the respect due to one so worthy. Each addressed her with flattering compliments; but none of those were worth so much as the expressive silence of Leon; whose sincere regard appeared to have created a presentiment that it might at some future day lead to consequences of which Estelle was far from ever having indulged a thought.

Two years soon passed away; and in the mean time, Estelle had become the principal of a flourishing establishment. Her income had far exceeded her expectations. She had, by degrees, augmented the conveniences of her little household, and ornamented its interior. Her mother, whose health had become feeble, was confided to the care of the widow of an invalid soldier: the old arm-chair of her father was exchanged for a couch of Utrecht velvet; and whenever he appeared at the window of his chamber, he was attired in a riding coat of grey ratton, with a cap of blue cloth. Estelle, without changing the ordinary fashion of her dress, wore one a little more decorated than formerly; her pretty shoulders were covered with an ample merino shawl; and, in order to be punctual to her appointments, she wore a little gold watch, which she concealed under her cape. She feared nothing so much as to become an object of unkind remarks; and she would willingly have submitted to the greatest inconveniences, rather than know that her affairs were subjected to the envious gossip of her neighborhood.

The first half of the year 1830 passed away. Estelle, always obliging, quiet, and industrious, saw her prospects continually improving. Beloved and honored by her apprentices and assistants; rewarded for her tender care of her parents, by the happiness which they by her means enjoyed; she often compared her condition with those of her three young neighbors; and saw new reasons for satisfaction with her own lot, since she had made herself useful as well as esteemed. She amused herself with witnessing the giddiness and inconsistencies of the daughter of the banker; she bore with calmness the petty mischievousness of that of the Viscount; and she was happy in the tender friendship of Emma;—when suddenly the capital became the scene of a tremendous convulsion, which soon extended through the whole of France. The monarch, deceived by perfidious advisers, violated the social compact, and was compelled to ab-

dicte the throne, and to flee for the third time. Paris was a prey to contending parties; but the old friends of constitutional liberty united, in order to lay the foundations of a new dynasty. In the universal disorder, the highest ranks were annihilated—the most elevated social positions were destroyed; the Viscount de Saluces was deprived of his pretensions and his prerogatives; he followed his former masters into exile; leaving his wife and daughter in a situation which soon compelled them to sell their jewels and their furniture; and when no longer able to supply their wants, they were obliged to retire for shelter to an obscure house in the *Faubourg St. Germain*.

The great political blow was severely felt in the financial concerns of the nation: it caused the total ruin of a great number of bankers, particularly of those who had been most deeply engaged in speculations in lands and public securities. St. Omer was among the number; and after having in vain exhausted all his resources, all possible means of escaping the disaster, he unfortunately gave way to the fatal temptations of humiliated pride, and committed suicide in the forest of Boulogne. Of this terrible event his wife and daughter were totally ignorant, until the moment when a magistrate came, in the name of the numerous creditors of the deceased, to affix his official seal to the contents of the vast and magnificent apartments. The unhappy Madame St. Omer was compelled to remove, without taking even the most necessary articles, and to seek refuge in furnished lodgings; and there to await the issue of her overwhelming calamity. She was soon informed that every article of her furniture and effects must be sold, without her being able to claim the least reservation; as they had been held in common between herself and her husband. Neither she nor her daughter had any means of procuring even the ordinary necessities of life.—she in vain applied for assistance to several eminent capitalists, who had been in frequent intercourse with the unfortunate St. Omer;—they were uniformly received with indifference, or their requests evaded by finesse; and they bitterly experienced one of the great trials of the destitute—that of being compelled to implore the charity of the opulent.

Borne down with grief, and reduced almost to the last necessity, they were at length compelled to apply for assistance to a charitable society; when Leonie, recollecting the zeal, the devotion, with which the young lace mender had, by her labor, supported her honest parents, felt her own courage revive; and determined to go, in the morning, to the *Rue de Chabonnais*, and confide to Estelle Aubert the desire she felt, and the hope she had conceived, of being able to procure for her mother, if not the comforts of life, at least bread, and a shelter from misery. She met from Estelle a most touching reception. “Come,” said the latter to her,—“come, and bring your mother: I can give you both employment; and if you feel any repugnance at joining my assistants, I will give you work in your own apartments. The two chambers on the upper floor of this house are now vacant.—Come, and establish yourselves there: I will advance your rent; you shall have a portion of my stock; my good widow shall be your housekeeper; and in short, you shall share whatever I possess. Come, Leonie; you always received me with kindness when you lived in opulence; you never despised your poor neighbor; she can be just in her turn;—and I thank you for having relied upon Estelle Aubert.”—“Say upon my best friend, rather,” cried Leonie; “for you are, alas, the only one I have found, in our misery; and rightly did I judge you.”

The next day, the mother and daughter, with their scanty wardrobe in their hands, came to establish themselves on the second floor above that occupied by Estelle, who had in the mean time furnished the two chambers with the most necessary articles. Madame St. Omer occupied the one which overlooked the court; in order that she might not have continually before her eyes, the windows of the magnificent apartments on the opposite side of the street, of which she had so recently been the mistress, and in which her furniture was even then exposed for sale. Leonie could not avoid gazing with agonizing regret, at that splendid habitation, in which she had passed the happy days of her youth; and where, cheated by the delusions of opulence, she had been far from dreaming that she could ever be driven to seek a

refuge in the humble abode of the poor seamstress. Oh, how deeply she reflected on the caprices of fortune; and how soothing was the thought, that she had never sought to humble her inferiors. She was not ashamed to take her station in the shop of Mademoiselle Aubert. Her mother, whose health had been seriously affected by her grief, wrought in her own chamber; and zealously seconded the exertions of Leonie to procure for themselves the means of support. The most anxious desire of both was to be able to return to the obliging Estelle, the articles which she had loaned them;—for the latter had compelled herself to sleep on a bed of moss, in order to offer her own to madame St. Omer, that she might feel less deeply the humiliation of her condition.

The mother and daughter, by their united labor and economy, were at length prepared to bargain with an upholsterer in the vicinity, for the furniture which they needed; when an unexpected event occurred, to relieve them from the painful embarrassment in which they were placed. One day when they had been attending a religious service, and had as usual left the key of their apartments with the porter of the house, they were surprised on their return, at finding a portion of the furniture which had ornamented their respective apartments in the hotel which they had recently occupied.—Madame St. Omer recognized her rich mahogany bedstead with its sky-blue drapery, her sofa and arm-chair covered with green velvet, and her elegant work table, which she opened, and found filled with her dresses. Leonie rushed into the other chamber, where she saw her own bed, surmounted by its golden canopy and muslin curtains, her piano, her entire collection of music; and, more than all, a large frame covered by a green cloth. She eagerly raised the curtain, and beheld the portrait of her father, beneath which were written the following words: “Have courage, my child! She who supports her mother by the labor of her hands, will always hold an honorable rank in society.” The piercing cry which she uttered, on beholding an image so dear to her, drew Madame St. Omer to her side; who after her first burst of surprise, pressing her child in her arms, declared with gratitude that she had not lost all, while she remained a mother; and that the truest and most imperishable treasures are those of the soul.

Leonie ran immediately, and related the adventure to Estelle Aubert, who received the intelligence with an expression of delight. They could not imagine what person had been capable of so delicate an act of generosity. In order to discover the truth, they descended to the porter, and asked him a thousand questions respecting those who had brought the different articles. He informed them that M. Jomart, the former upholsterer of the ladies, had brought them himself. “Let us go and ask him,” said Estelle; and they accordingly went to the worthy man, who lived at the end of the street, and begged him to name the individual who had been so active in aiding and consoling honorable indigence. He replied, that he had been requested to purchase the articles at the auction, but that he could not name the person at whose request he had acted, as he had pledged his honor not to do so. “Very well,” said Estelle, “Monsieur Dumont was the auctioneer who made the sale; he must know the purchaser; let us enquire of him. I am sure he will not conceal the name from me.” “You will seek it of him in vain,” replied the honest upholsterer; “I made all the purchases in my own name, and paid cash for them; and am therefore the only repository of the secret, which I am not at liberty to disclose.”

Several months passed away. Leonie rapidly acquired skill in the repairing of lace, and by her care and attention, attained the first place in the establishment of Mademoiselle Aubert. Her income was sufficient for the expenses of her little household; and the time soon arrived when she could prove her gratitude to Estelle, for her generous and cordial friendship. The aged father Aubert was suddenly removed by death, and in a few days his widow followed him to the tomb. Estelle was so deeply affected by this double loss, that all the care and consolation which Leonie could bestow, were necessary, to prevent her good and kind friend from sinking under her grief. The family of the auctioneer were not less anxious in their expressions of sympathy. Monsieur and Madame Dumont came frequently to see her; Emma spent several days in succession with her afflicted neighbor;

and more than once, Leon came to unite his consolations with those of his sister; and his sympathy perhaps did not yield less comfort to the heart of our charming girl, than that of her other friends.

Being thus suddenly left an orphan, when she had scarcely attained her twenty-third year, with a pleasing face and graceful manners, she deeply felt the need of a protector;—and besought Madame St. Omer to become to her a mother; proposing they should form one family, unite their labor, and divide its income. The proposal was gladly accepted. Leonie felt a secret joy at seeing her mother removed from the garret, and lodged on the third floor; where, surrounded by the furniture which she had received from the generous but still unknown hand, she might indulge in some illusions of her former condition. Pride is like hope: it is one of the first born of human passions, and is the last to die.

This arrangement of Estelle was highly approved by all her acquaintance. They recognized in it all that purity of motive which she had ever evinced. She instructed Leonie in all the details of her avocation, and presented her to her customers as her beloved companion and adopted sister.—Mademoiselle St. Omer, who had been abandoned and shunned by all the former friends of her deceased father, when they felt that she needed their assistance, was now universally praised as an interesting and most estimable young woman: the wealthiest families of the quarter were eager to encourage her noble efforts, spoke loudly of her filial devotedness, and aided her in contributing to the prosperity of the establishment, which soon became one of the most celebrated and best patronised in the capital.

One day, while the two young partners were speaking of their success, and of their mutual enjoyment, a female, poorly clad, with an old black straw bonnet covered by a thick veil, entered the door. It was Clorinde de Saluces, whose features, which she had thus concealed, in order to prevent recognition in that neighborhood, still evinced a degree of pride; although through the effect of grief, they had almost entirely lost their former characteristic expression. She had learned that her neighbor, the daughter of the banker, had succeeded in gaining an independent livelihood by her industry and perseverance: she had heard of all which Estelle had done to assist her in consoling her destitute mother, and in rendering her life tranquil and comfortable; and being sure of inspiring the two friends with some interest in her own fate, by the recital of her misfortunes, she had come to entreat their assistance in a project which she had conceived. She then informed them, that the Viscount de Saluces had died in Scotland, leaving nothing but debts; that herself and her mother, having sought a shelter in the house of an old relative in the *Faubourg St. Germain*, were exposed to daily humiliations which they could no longer endure; and that, in fine, being deprived of all hope of assistance from any of the noble families, who had almost all left Paris, they had determined to gain a livelihood by manual labor, even if it should be ever so severe or humiliating; and that she had now come to solicit her two former neighbors, to procure employment for her.

"You are welcome," said Estelle Aubert; "my companion and myself will soon enable you to render us assistance; and since you are willing to descend to our avocations, you will easily obtain an honorable support, which you can enjoy in the consciousness that you owe it to no one but yourself." "And that is as good as rank and fortune," cried Leonie, with joy, "I surely have never been more happy."

That very day, Clorinde engaged the two upper chambers which had been successively occupied by each of the partners; and on the next morning, took possession of them with her mother, who assumed the simple name of Dupre—the widow of an officer who had died on the field of honor. Estelle directed her own servant to purchase all the provisions which were needed by the two ladies, in order that the place of their abode might not be known in the neighborhood; and in a short time, although they never appeared among her assistants, the mother and daughter, by their daily labor, which was often continued until late at night, were enabled to supply all their wants, and to relieve themselves from the torment of soliciting the pity of those from whom they perhaps had a right to expect a generous and honorable hospitality.

The honest auctioneer had just married his daughter Em-

ma to the young successor of a celebrated lawyer. Estelle had been invited to the wedding, as well as her partner, whose gaiety and happy disposition gained all hearts. One thing only was wanting for the happiness of Leonie; it was, a knowledge of the person who had so generously sent them a portion of their furniture; especially on account of the portrait of her father, with that inscription which had never been absent from her thoughts. With her mother's assistance, she had succeeded by means of the most unremitted economy, in saving about fifteen hundred francs,—being the amount which had been expended by the unknown friend in that act of benevolence; and whenever they met M. Jomart, they entreated him to at least afford them the gratification of discharging the obligation. Jomart, one of the most skillful upholsterers in Paris, had acquired a decent fortune; and being much esteemed, was, with his family, invited to the wedding ball at M. Dumont's. He was there again urged by Leonie to name her benefactor, her guardian angel. Her entreaties were so strong, and so eagerly seconded by all present, that the excellent man became much affected, and could not restrain a glance at Estelle Aubert, who blushed and cast down her eyes. Leonie perceived it, and pressed him with further questions, when he at length named the generous unknown—whom no one, until that moment, had suspected to be the simple lace worker.

Leonie clasped her partner in her arms, and covered her with the tears of gratitude. "They were my first surplus gains," said Estelle; "could I have applied them better?"—and then turning to the upholsterer she added; "I am not offended with you; but you have destroyed half my gratification. To do good in secret, is to lay up treasure for after life."

All present were eager in her praise. The family of Dumont were affected with equal joy and admiration; and Leon, who for two years had cherished for his lovely neighbor, an affection as pure and chaste as herself, secretly vowed, that no other should become his wife. Every thing favored his views. His father was advancing in years, and felt under the necessity of proposing that Leon should succeed him in his honorable calling. The young man accepted the proposition with transport; but under the condition that he might immediately marry.

"Marry—who?" asked his father.

"Estelle Aubert."

"Yes. I was about to propose her to you. I do not know a girl who could better insure your happiness, as well as our own."

On the same day, the parents of Leon called on Estelle, whom they found surrounded by her assistants; and announced that they had come for the purpose of soliciting her hand for their son. A sudden start which she could not repress, plainly showed that this was the secret prayer of her own soul; and eight days afterwards, the marriage was celebrated amid the general joy, and with the universal approbation of the neighborhood.

As the young auctioneer was still in need of the counsel and assistance of his father, and the second floor of the hotel being unoccupied, the two families there established their household. Oh, what then were the reflections of Estelle Dumont, when she found herself mistress of the saloon in which she had formerly received so many slights, and been subjected to so many caprices. Whenever she looked from her balcony, at the opposite house, the reflection pressed upon her mind:—I am here in the costly apartments of the Viscount de Saluces; while his wife and daughter occupy the garret rooms in which I once resided. My saloon joins the sumptuous abode of the banker St. Omer; while his wife and daughter—who have become my partners and companions—now dwell on my own third floor. Thus, while I have been moving steadily towards the abode of rank and opulence, they have been retiring to seek refuge in the retreats of penury. Fortune, sudden are thy revolutions—strange are thy caprices! weak indeed are they who trust in thee!

Estelle and her husband did not change their mode of life. They knew the charms of honest mediocrity, and remained contented in that condition.—And you, young girls of Paris, who have deigned to peruse this historic recital,—remember it!—Ye of high rank, look not with disdain upon those beneath you;—flowers of a public garden, elevate not your-

selves too proudly above those around you;—alas, one blast of the wind is sufficient to break your glittering stem, and leave you withering on the ground. Ye joyous sybarites,—proud heirs of the opulent,—who believe your grasp so strong upon the wheel of Fortune; listen to Leonie St. Omer: she will tell you, that a single motion may bring you down.—Ye young daughters of honest citizens, imitate the example of Emma Dumont;—remain with her on the side of the mountain: ye may there fear neither the sun nor the inundation.—And lastly, ye young children of labor—ye pretty *grisettes*, who far outnumber all the rest—visit Estelle Aubert in her happy and modest home; and learn from her, what it is that forms the almost certain reward of courage, good temper, patience, industry, and good manners.

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1834.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

POLAND UNDER THE DOMINION OF RUSSIA: by Harro Harring, late Cadet in the Lancer Regiment of the Grand Duke Constantine's Imperial Russian Body-Guard: Boston; printed for I. S. Szymanski.—This is a very good translation of a work written by a German officer who went to Warsaw at the commencement of the war between Russia and the Porte, with the intention of serving in the Polish army during the Turkish campaign. He was however virtually compelled to enter the Russian service, and remained quartered in Warsaw until a period immediately preceding the Polish Revolution. It contains a series of very animated sketches, describing the causes which led to that glorious but ill-fated contest; and exhibits a frightful picture of the relentless military despotism, the barbarous cruelties, the fiend-like atrocities to which a brave and noble-hearted people were compelled to submit at the hands of their tyrants, before they struck their last, desperate blow for liberty.

The editor of the work, Mr Szymanski, is one of those exiled patriots who have sought a refuge in our own country. The book which he has presented to the American public, contains the translation of Harring's original work, to which he has added a number of explanatory notes, together with a concise appendix, on the policy of the Court of St. Petersburg. The whole is preceded by a very ably written Introduction, describing the national character of the Poles, and the peculiar institutions of their former government. This is from the pen of a gentleman in Boston, who was in Europe during the Revolution, and was an eye witness of the miseries of that unhappy people; and whose opportunities for acquiring correct information on the subject, have well qualified him for the task which he has here so generously performed. In his preface, Mr Szymanski very justly says, in relation to the work: "The wrongs and sufferings of Poland are indeed well known; alas, they have become a by-word to the world; but still, the precise nature of the tyranny exercised over her, has been unknown: the public has heard only of her wholesale sufferings;—in these pages, they are exposed in their minute details. The author had no strong predilection for Poland: he does not admire even the Polish character; and yet, with the hand of an impartial limner, he has drawn a picture of Russian brutality, as true to nature as it is disgusting in itself."—and truly adds, "Reader, when you shall have gone half through with these pages, you will cease to ask why the Poles were mad enough to revolt against such enormous odds. Your own heart will tell you, that rather than endure such indignities, you would throw wealth and life on the stake; aye! and wander for years in exile, as destitute, houseless, and friendless, as is he who now addresses you."

The descriptions and narratives of Harring are arranged in four separate divisions, of which the part entitled "Sketches of Warsaw" contains many thrilling accounts of the cruel tyranny of the Russians, several of which vividly portray the demoniac character of their commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke Constantine. It should be recollected that these were written previous to the Revolution. The following are taken almost at random; for there is but little chance for selection

among the recorded deeds of that heartless and brutal miscreant.

"Several years ago, a soldier deserted from the garrison at Warsaw. In such cases, adjutants or commanders of regiments, who are humanely disposed, delay as long as possible mentioning the affair to the Grand Duke, with the view of mitigating the punishment of the offender, should they succeed in discovering him; but they dare not postpone the report beyond five days; and at the expiration of that time, the affair must be communicated to his Highness; and thus it happened in the case of this deserter. The second week after he had deserted, the man was discovered working as a laborer in a brewery belonging to a wealthy citizen of Warsaw, named Zawadzki, who was also a considerable landed proprietor. On being informed where the deserter had been found, the Grand Duke flew into a violent paroxysm of rage, and declared that Zawadzki had been guilty of harboring and concealing a deserter. It would have been in vain for any adjutant or general to have represented that the rich brewer employed perhaps a hundred men daily, with whose names he was unacquainted, as it was the business of his clerks to pay them their wages; besides, the fear of the guard-house was sufficient to deter any one from making such a representation. The gentleman was immediately ordered under arrest, and was conducted in chains to the presence of the Grand Duke, who assailed him, in his usual way, with imprecations and opprobrious names. Any defence of the innocent man was out of the question: a single syllable uttered in his behalf would have been punished as rebellion. At the parade hour, the prisoner was conducted to the Saxon Square, which was always filled with a crowd of spectators who assembled to see the troops perform their exercise. He was condemned to be put in chains, and to hurl a wheelbarrow round the square formed by the regiments assembled for parade. Horror struck at hearing himself condemned without trial, Zawadzki offered to pay a fine of two thousand ducats, rather than undergo this public and degrading punishment; but the offer was made in vain. In his despair, the unfortunate man turned to the officer who was to superintend the execution of the sentence, and entreated him to consider that his son had worn epaulettes and orders, and had perished on the field of honor. But this appeal was unavailing. The sentence was rigidly enforced; and the trembling old man, loaded with chains, was obliged to hurl the wheelbarrow, for the space of an hour, round the square. After his punishment, Zawadzki was seized with a dangerous illness; and when he recovered, he disposed of all the property he possessed in Poland, and left Warsaw. I never ascertained where he went."

"It will readily be supposed, that when the Grand Duke is taking his drives, no one is suffered to pass his Highness's carriage without a servile salutation. All who meet the imperial carriage on the road, must either stop, or move on slowly; at the same time uncovering, and bowing profoundly. The omission of this ceremony is a punishable offence. A nobleman from the country, was driving through Warsaw, accompanied by his lady; and their coachman not knowing the equipage of the lord of the Belvedere, passed the droski without observing any mark of respect. A thundering 'halt!' startled the Polish boor on the coach-box; and a few emphatic imprecations, issuing from the imperial droski, no less alarmed the nobleman and his wife. Foaming with rage, his Highness turned to the trembling couple in the carriage, and exhausted his whole vocabulary of abuse, in the opprobrious titles which he bestowed upon them. The lady and gentleman having been ordered to alight, were put under arrest; the coachman was sentenced to receive five hundred lashes, and all three were condemned to hurl wheelbarrows at Lazienki, where some public buildings were at that time going on. This punishment was kept up, until a relative of the unfortunate lady and gentleman came from their estate in the country, and through the intercession of the princess of Lowicz, obtained their pardon."

The preceding are slight examples of the treatment which was received from this monster, by the defenceless Poles.—We will extract a brief narrative, in which the victim appears to have been one of his own countrymen.

"The officers as well as the sub-officers of the Russian horse-guards are subjected to the most rigorous discipline, and are required to execute, on horseback, all the manoeuvres of a theatrical equestrian. One day, a lancer of the horse-guards was going through his exercise before the Grand Duke. He had performed all the usual evolutions in the most satisfactory way, until, when at full gallop, he was suddenly ordered to turn; his horse proved restive, and refused to obey either the bridle or spur. The command was repeated in a thundering voice, and the officer renewed his efforts to make his horse obey it; but without effect; for the fiery animal continued to prance about, in defiance of his rider, who was nevertheless an excellent horseman. The rage of the Grand Duke had vented itself in furious imprecations, and all present trembled for the consequences. "Halt!" he exclaimed; and ordered a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets, to be erected. The order was instantly obeyed.

The officer, who had by this time subdued the restiveness of his horse, was ordered to leap the pyramid—and the spi-

rited horse bore his rider safely over it.

Without an interval of delay, the officer was compelled to repeat the fearful leap; and to the amazement of all present, the noble horse and his brave rider stood in safety on the other side of the pyramid. The Grand Duke, finding himself thus thwarted in his barbarous purpose, repeated the order for the third time. A General who happened to be present, now stepped forward and interceded for the pardon of the officer; observing that the horse was exhausted, and that the enforcement of the order would be to doom both horse and rider to a horrible death. This humane remonstrance was not only disregarded, but was punished by the immediate arrest of the General who had thus presumed to rebel.—The word of command was given; and horse and rider, for the third time, cleared the glittering bayonets. Rendered furious by these repeated disappointments, the Grand Duke exclaimed for the fourth time: "To the left about!—forward!" The command was obeyed; and for the fourth time the horse leaped the pyramid, and then, with his rider, dropped down exhausted. The officer extricated himself from the saddle, and arose unhurt; but the horse had both his fore legs broken. The countenance of the officer was deadly pale; his eyes stared wildly, and his knees shook under him. A perfect silence prevailed as he advanced to the Grand Duke;—and laying his sword at his Highness's feet, he thanked him, in a faltering voice, for the honor he had enjoyed in the Emperor's service. "I take back your sword," said the Grand Duke, gloomily; "and are you not aware of what may be the consequences of this undutiful conduct towards me?"

The officer was sent to the guard-house. He subsequently disappeared, and no trace of him could be discovered.—This scene took place at St. Petersburg; and the facts are proved by the evidence of credible eye-witnesses."

We should willingly give several extracts from the historical portions of the Introduction; but this our present limits will not permit. The "Views in regard to the Court of St. Petersburg and its Policy," which compose Mr Szymanski's appendix to the volume, are worthy of attention; we believe that they contain a fair exposition of the steady purposes of the Russian Government. The following are his concluding remarks.

"There is something monstrous in the growth of this political colossus. There seems to be an instinctive consciousness of great material strength in this despotical realm of the Czars, which we see ceaselessly advancing upon the neighboring countries;—in this singular constitution of government, which, in constant fear of falling, must always keep the eyes of its subjects on external objects, and by the conquest of other lands, prevent them from perceiving their own wretched condition. This political voracity is the peculiar characteristic of Russia, which leads her to devour all within her reach;—like a giant child, which seeks to swallow all that its hands can grasp. 'This country,' says a French author, 'placed upon the confines of Europe and Asia, bears at the same time upon both; and no power since that of Rome, has united such strength and extent.'

"Russia governed as she is now, is, in truth, not a country, but an instrument, of which an absolute government is the mover.

"I am sure, quite sure, that the rebellion in Egypt was caused by Russian instigation. It is old Russian policy.—So it was with Poland. Russia promises perhaps to make the Pacha independent, and points out to his view several provinces in Asia. It is not necessary to be a prophet to be aware that the destiny of Turkey will be similar to the destiny of Poland and Georgia; yet, if I believe in the possibility of the Pacha's independence of the Sultan, I also believe in the certainty of his dependence upon Nicholas in a short time. Russia now protects Constantinople, and she has a full command of the whole empire. Every fortress is under the command of her army; her troops are traversing the country in every direction. No one can travel in Turkey, without a Russian ambassador's passport. Without the Russian ambassador's consent, even the Sultan himself dares not do any thing, for fear of exciting the anger of his Protector! And how easy it will be to change the political title of Protector to that of Master.

Free citizens of America! look upon noble and unlawfully oppressed Poland, and you will find a most excellent comment upon the views of Russia in regard to Turkey.

It is an indisputable truth, that an expedition full of risk, would never be undertaken without the temptation of great advantages, or the pressure of indispensable necessity.—Placing Russia in this last predicament, nothing will be considered impossible for the Emperors of the North. They have been, hitherto, the despoilers of the lands of Europe and Asia; but, not to lose what they have already made their prey, some one of them must, sooner or later, become a Pirate of the Seas.

There is no other country in the world, for which so much respect and regard is felt in every patriotic bosom as for Poland. It is a feeling of sympathy in noble hearts for the brave, but unfortunate and oppressed. These feelings are very flattering to us, but they must soon be exchanged for the feelings of common interests in the common good. The power of the Emperor of the North has grown to such a height

as to become very alarming to the civilized world. Europe cannot rest long in this state without incurring fearful results. The European nations must necessarily join hands together, to free themselves from the degrading power of the descendants of the vassals of the Great Mogul. In such a turn of the affairs of Europe, Poland will become a vanguard against Russia. Once more the brave Poles will draw their swords, and the white and red banner on the verge of their lances will be given to the wind. Once more the white eagle will lead our ranks,—and there will still be a hope for Poland. She will, she must be independent. For many—many years have the Poles bled profusely in every part of the world, for freedom,—and they shall be free."

THE FAMILY AT HOME; or, Familiar Illustrations of the various Domestic Duties. With an Introductory Notice, by G. D. Abbott. Boston; Carter, Hendee and Co.—This work was originally published in England, with the title of "The Family Book;" but an American publication having recently appeared with the same name, this volume, which is composed of the original English work, together with copious additions from other sources, is now published with its present title. It is an excellent compendium of family duties. Its divisions are well arranged, and the various topics which it presents, are discussed in a style which, although familiar, is never careless; and are frequently enlivened by spirited and pertinent narratives. We think however that the proper object of such a work would have been more fully attained, had the author omitted all reference to religious tenets, except those which are received as true by every denomination of Christians. Still, the volume contains nothing which appears to have been written in a spirit of proselytism; and in the main, is one which may be read with profit by every individual, and would be an acquisition to the library of any family. When we consider the number of good works on the subject of domestic discipline, which have recently appeared, we feel that it is giving this no slight praise, when we say, that it is among the best of its class.

#### WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Familiar Letters on public Characters and Public Events, from the Peace of 1783 to the Peace of 1815.

Sermons on the Constitutions and Relations of Life; by Rev. John G. Palfray.

Helen, by Maria Edgeworth.

The Test of Truth, by M. J. Graham.

The Corner Stone; by Rev. Jacob Abbott.

Memoir of Rev. Gordon Hall; by H. Bardwell.

A Lecture to Young Men; by Sylvester Graham.

#### WORKS ANNOUNCED AS IN THE PRESS.

Bradford's History of Massachusetts, (abridged.)

The History of Kentucky; by Mann Butler, Esq., of Louisville.

Sheridan's Lectures on Elocution; with an Introduction by Dr Henshaw.

Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry; (Third Series.)

Guy Rivers; by the Author of 'Martin Faber.'

Paulding's Works, complete.

Carwin; by Mrs Sheridan.

Constance; by Miss A. G. Thompson.

Tales and Sketches, such as they are; by Wm. L. Stone.

The Fair of May Fair.

The Affianced One.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The article on Poland would have been inserted, had not another on the same subject, been previously written for the present number.

#### ON FILE, FOR INSERTION.

Stanzas: To a Violet.

Hymn.

Serenade.

#### CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.—The Young Girls of Paris; (Translation.—Literary Notices: Russia under the dominion of Poland: The Family at Home.

SELECTIONS.—On the Old Fables.—Joshua Flechart.—Preservation of Human Bodies.—Pocahontas.—The Christian Religion.—Lying.—Rice.—The Diamond.—Poetry.—The Song of the Forge.—To My Wife.—St. Jerome's Love.—The Native Land on High.

## Miscellaneous Selections.

From the Calcutta Quarterly Magazine and Review.

## THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

Clang, clang,  
The massive anvils ring—  
Clang, clang,  
A hundred hammers swing—  
Like the thunder rattle of a tropic sky,  
The mighty blows still multiply.  
Clang, clang,  
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang—we forge the coulter now,  
The coulter of the kindly plough:  
Sweet Mary mother, bless our toil;  
May its broad furrow still unbind  
To genial rains to sun and wind,  
The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang,—our coulter's course shall be  
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
By many a streamlet's silver tide,  
Amidst the song of morning birds,  
Amidst the low of sauntering herds,  
Amidst soft breezes which do stray  
Through woodbine hedges, in sweet May,  
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand,  
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,  
When to the valleys from the brow  
Of each resplendent slope is rolled,  
A ruddy sea of living gold.  
We bless, we bless THE PLOUGH.

Clang, clang,—again, my mates, what glows  
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
Clank, clank,—we forge the giant chain,  
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain  
Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;  
Secured by this, the good ship braves  
The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm cloud on the hill;  
Calmly he rests, though far away,  
In boisterous climes, his vessels lay,  
Reliant on our skill.

Say, on what sands these liks shall sleep,  
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep;  
By Africa's pestilential shore,  
By many an iceberg, lean and hoar,  
By many a palmy western isle,  
Basking in Spring's perpetual smile;  
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the battery's deadly peal,  
The crashing broadside makes reply;  
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while,  
For death or victory?

Hurrah—cling, clang—once more, what glows,  
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath  
The iron tempest of your blows,  
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang—a burning shower clear  
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured  
Around and up in the dusky air,  
As our hammers forge the sword.

The Sword!—extreme of dread; yet when  
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound  
While for his altar and his hearth,  
While for his land that gave him birth,  
The war drums roll, the trumpets sound,  
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right,  
It flashes in the van of fight,  
Whether in some wild mountain pass,  
As that where fell Leonidas;  
Or on some sterile plain and stern,  
A Marston, or a Bannockburn;  
Or amidst crags and bursting rills,  
The Switzer's Alps, grey Tyrol's hills;  
Or, as when sunk the Armada's pride,  
It gleams above the stormy tide;  
Still, still, when'er the battle word  
Is Liberty, where men do stand  
For justice and their native land,  
Then Heaven bless THE SWORD!

## TO MY WIFE.

Pillow thy head upon this heart,  
My own, my cherished wife;  
And let us for one hour forget  
Our dreary path of life.  
Then let me kiss thy tears away,  
And bid remembrance flee  
Back to the days of halcyon youth,  
When all was hope and glee.

Fair as the early promise, love,  
Of our joy-freighted barque;  
Sunlit and lustrous, too, the skies,  
Now all so dim and dark;  
Over a stormy sea, dear wife,  
We drove with shattered sail;  
But Love sits smiling at the helm,  
And mocks the threatening gale.

Come let me part those clustering curls,  
And gaze upon thy brow—  
How many, many memories,  
Sweep o'er my spirit now?  
How much of happiness and grief,  
How much of hope and fear,  
Breathes from each dear loved lineament  
Most eloquently here.

Thou gentle one, few joys remain  
To cheer our lonely lot;  
The storm has left our paradise  
With but one sunny spot:  
Hallowed for ever will be that place  
To hearts like thine and mine—  
'Tis where our childish hands upreared  
Affection's earliest shrine.

Then nestle closer to this breast,  
My fond and faithful dove!  
Where, if not here, should be the ark  
Of refuge for thy love;  
The poor man's blessing and his curse,  
Pertain alike to me;  
For shorn of worldly wealth, dear wife,  
Am I not rich in thee?

## SAINT JEROME'S LOVE.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks  
Though cold reproof and slanders blight—  
Has she love's roses on her cheeks;  
Is hers an eye of this world's light?

No;—wan and sunk in midnight prayer,  
Are the cold looks of her I love:  
Or if, at times, a light be there,  
Its beam is kindled from above.

I choose not her, my soul's elect,  
From those who seek their Maker's shrine  
In gems and garlands richly decked,  
As if themselves were things divine.

No;—Heaven but faintly warms the breast  
That beats beneath the brodered veil:  
And she who comes in glittering vest  
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize,  
And love because its bloom is gone;  
The glory in those sainted eyes  
Is all the grace her brow puts on.

And ne'er was beauty's dawn so bright,  
So touching, as that form's decay,  
Which, like the altar's trembling light,  
In holy lustre wears away.

## THE NATIVE LAND ON HIGH.

FROM THE SPANISH—BY PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW.

Clear fount of light! my native land on high,  
Bright with a glory that shall never fade:  
Mansion of truth!—without a veil or shade,  
Thy body quiet meets the spirit's eye.

There dwells the soul in its ethereal essence,  
Gasping no longer for life's feeble breath;  
But, sentinelled in Heaven, its glorious presence  
With pitying eye beholds, yet fears not death.

Beloved country!—banished from thy shore,  
A stranger in this prison house of clay,  
The exiled spirit weeps and sighs for thee!  
Heavenward the bright perfections I adore  
Direct, and the sure promise cheers the way,  
That whither love aspires, there shall my dwelling be.

He that overcomes his passions, conquers his greatest ene-  
mies: he that overcomes his will, is lord of himself.

**DURATION OF MENTAL LABOR.**—Sir Walter Scott, who has the credit of being one of the most industrious scholars, or rather writers, that ever lived, was asked, it is said, how much time a man could safely spend daily, in intellectual pursuits. He answered, five hours. It was the result of his experience, he remarked, that five hours daily intellectual labor was safe; any study beyond that was soon followed by injurious consequences. His plan was, to write three hours before breakfast, and two after, and then to devote the remainder of the day to rest and recreation.

We do not vouch for the truth of this story, though it is believed to be true. Five hours diligent occupation each day, would be amply sufficient to produce his works, notwithstanding the astonishing rapidity with which they succeeded each other. For let us suppose that he wrote only one printed page an hour, a very moderate calculation; this would make five pages each day, which would give a volume of three hundred pages in two months, or six volumes a year; much more than he actually did accomplish.

Literary men would probably effect much more than they now generally do, if they would appropriate a small number of hours to their daily labors, and then, in accordance with his example, devote the remainder of the day to rest and recreation. There would be an elasticity, and freshness, and vigor, during this limited period, which is now lost through the deadening influence of long confinement and protracted labor.—*Annals of Education.*

One of the most valuable habits of life, is that of completing every undertaking. The mental dissipation in which persons of talent often indulge, and to which they are perhaps more prone than others, is destructive beyond what can readily be imagined. A man who has lost the power of prosecuting a task the moment its novelty is gone, or it becomes encumbered with difficulty, has reduced his mind into a state of the most lamentable and wretched imbecility. His life will inevitably be one of shreds and patches. The consciousness of not having persevered to the end of any special undertaking, will hang over him like a spell, and will paralyze all his energies; and he will at least believe, that however feasible his plans, he is fated never to succeed. The habit of finishing ought to be formed in early youth.

**LIFE.**—There are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other!—the life of our actions—the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame—the deep and ever restless workings of the heart! They who have loved, know there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years, without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, or busy occupations, the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last are we judged—the first is never known. History reveals men's deeds, men's outward characters, but not themselves. There is a secret self that hath its own life, "rounded by a dream," unpenetrated, unguessed.—*Bulwer.*

**LOVE AND AMBITION.**—One of the common disappointments of the heart is, that women have so rarely a sympathy in our better and higher aspirations. Their ambition—it is not for great things; they cannot understand that desire "which scorns delight and loves laborious days." If they love us, they usually exact too much. They are jealous of the ambition to which we sacrifice so largely, and which divides us from them; and they leave the stern passion of great minds to the only solitude which affection cannot share. To aspire is to be alone.—*Id.*

**THE POET.**—When the Poet mourns in his immortal verse for the dead, tell me not that fame is in his mind! It is filled by thoughts, by emotions, that shut the living from his soul. He is breathing to his genius—to that sole and constant friend, which has grown up with him from the cradle, the sorrows too delicate for human sympathy; and when afterwards he consigns the confession to the crowd, it is from the hope of honor—honor, not for himself, but for the being that is no more.—*Id.*

**TENACITY OF LIFE.**—The genus of animals called sea nettles, is very tenacious of life. If one of these animals is sliced either perpendicularly or otherwise, each slice forms a new and complete being, in which will be found the mouth as perfect as in the original.

Never expect much from him who promises a great deal.

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